A VOTE FOR Moderate Counsels; AS THE Readyest Way to Heal Our BREACHES, And bring Happiness to the KING AND PEOPLE.

An ODE, By a Barrister at LAW.

Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη, εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω,
Εἷς βασιλεύς,———

London, Printed for *James Vade* at the Cock and Sugar-Loaf in *Fleet-Street*, 1681.

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A VOTE

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HAil Sacred *Council*! Quintesence of Souls!
Strength of the Common-Wealth, which Chains the Fates,
And every danger, ere it comes, Controules;
The Anchor of all Realms and stay of States!
A sure Foundation, which hath still withstood,
All open Force, and the far worse Designs,
Of such as Ruin Plot by Undermines.
The Rock which braves Envies impetuous Flood,
On which most Glorious Scars do firmly stand,
Thou the true *Baal* Waiting in the Land.
Whereon the Politician may Erect,
(If he on Loyal Rules doth still reflect)
A Fabrick, many stories high with Ease,
And never fear the Storms of Envious Fate,
Which things so highly does Precipitate.

1949(54-779) B.A. Law Bks.

A Fabrick which Ambitions ſelf may pleaſe,
And ſhew the Grandeur of the Architect.
The golden-Ball, which does ſo proudly riſe,
Like a Celeſtial Globe, into the Skies,
That ſecond *Woolſey* had'ſt **Thou** plac'd it there,
Had left his Name, as laſting as the Sphear.

II.

Great empreſs, of this Univerſal Frame!
The *Atlas* on whoſe ſhoulders ſtates are ſtai'd,
Who holdſt the Reines, and Wilder Man doſt tame,
And mak'ſt thoſe good, that are in *Furrs* Array'd,
Thoſe who no *God* but *Mammon* e're Obey'd.
To Juſtice thou, the double uſe, haſt taught,
Both of the Ballance and the Sword;
Her Laws ſhe takes from thy Diviner Word,
And by that Teſt ſhe try's who e're are brought.
There ne're was greater need than now,
In a ranck Age where Vices only grow,
To have her Sword kept keen,
That the Luxurious Branches may,
E'r they draw out the *Vital Sap*, be lopt away.
No matter tho' they look ſo freſh and Green.

The

The *Roman Hydra* too ſhe muſt oppoſe,
And many Labours more ſuſtain,
Than ever *Hercules* himſelf could do;
Hee's but for *Twelve* Renown'd; for each of thoſe,
She hath a Thouſand Labours to run thro,
Whole *Heards* of *Lyons* and *Worſe Foxes* to Subdue.

III.

If ought *Succeed* while we deſpiſe *Thy Care*,
And on the caſt-off *Chance* alone Depend;
The *Bait Succeſs*, but draws us in a *Snare*,
And ſo betrays our Fortune in the End:
Like the deluded *Fiſh* we leap at *Flyes*,
Altho a *Hook* i'th *gawdy Entrails lies.*
When by *thy Compaſs* We our Courſe do Steer,
We make ſafe way thro' all the ſhelves of *Fate.*
Thou at the *Helm*, of this *great Ship of State*,
The ſafe and well experienc'd *Pilot* art.
And doſt thy *Stowage* ſtill in ſafety bear,
Both in the Calms of *Peace* and ſtorms of *War*,
Thou art not only *Pilot*, but the *Chart.*
Since *Inundations* threaten us again,
Wee'r ſwept away, unleſs we ſtraight *Embark*,

And thruſt this *World* into thy Sacred *Ark*:
To all its tops of *Power*, we Climb in vain,
Although *it ſelf* do ſeem ſome larger *Boat*,
That hath ſo long and proudly brav'd the *Main*,
And does like *Delos*, on the *Ocean* Float.
That *Xerxes*-like, Chains the unruly Deeps,
Lodging the *Winds*, within her Canvas Sheets.
And does with greater *State* the *Captive* Woo,
Then the *Venetian*-Duke, could ever do.
True *Neptune*, Thou.
The *Tritons* do no other Know,
When Thou doſt ſhake thy *Trident* o're the Waves,
Making the Watry-Gods thy Slaves.
This very *Iſle*, [which ſeems to be,
Another *Venus*, born o'th' Sea.]
The faireſt Miſtreſs, *Neptune* do's embrace,
Who took the Name of *Albion*, from her face.
This Warlike-Queen, whom in the Ages paſt,
No *Forreign* nor *Domeſtick* force cou'd quell,
Nor Fires conſume enflam'd by *Rome* or *Hell*,
Wou'd but for thee, be ſwallow'd up at laſt,
By *Seine* and *Tyber*, whoſe polluted Streames,
If once they mingle with the *Purer Thames*,
Will never *Ebb* unto the *Ocean* more,

But leave their *Slime* upon the *Inland Shore*:
And if *Corrupted* once with *Forraign Crimes*,
We let in *Judgments* due unto those Climes:
This more Destructive Flood would leave behind,
Scarce a *Deucalion* to restore Mankind.

IV.

Thou from *Confusion* All things hast Redeem'd,
For all our *Sessions* without Thee were Vain,
And all those *Senates* which were most esteem'd,
By *Thee* it was, their *Counsels* Crown'd remain.
For all those *Law's* had but dead Letters seem'd,
Which *Solon* or *Lycurgus* did Ordain,
Those Times had been as much with *Law* perplext,
As now this *Modern Age*,
Is with its Dark and *Mystick* Riddles Vext,
Hadst *Thou* not been the Comment to the *Text*.
Whilst the *Poor Client* hath one drop to bleed,
He but Consults a *Horse-Leach* for his *Sage*,
Who stoo's him on, and doth his Money take,
Having a *Bear* to engage him at the *Stake*,
But does this while no *Chain of Concord* make.

V.

NOt without Cauſe the Wiſer Antients did,
Paint Magiſtrates, (plac'd to Explain the Laws)
Without their hands; thus Bribery did forbid,
Which from the doing Right too oft with-draws,
And with a Veile, the Judges Eyes were hid,
Who ſhould not ſee the Party, but the Cauſe.
For thoſe who ſhould the Seats of Juſtice fill,
Her Deputies (as ſhe does lead the Race)
Should move; and as ſhe bends, ſhould ſtill Encline,
And hand in hand with Her keep Pace and Time.
Whom neither Gold nor Favour can betray,
Altho' they pave the Malefactors Way.
Or make the ſervil Judge ſo baſe,
For ſhining Dirt, to ſell a caſt on's Place.
He that would prove thus Diſſolute,
And be the Pander of this Chaſter Dame,
No doubt he would his Daughter Proſtitute,
He that his Conſcience ſells, will caſt in Fame.

VI.

Justice, though less than *Mercy*, is *Divine*;
This should be still Constrein'd, but Mercy Free.
They both must take their Measures still from *Thine*;
And make their Course, as they are Steer'd by *Thee*:
Though the *Luxurious Nation* stands in need
Rather of Pruning, than to be Manur'd,
For where the *Soil* does only *Briars* breed,
Those *Brambles* must no longer be endur'd,
That would the **Soveraign Plant** (if suffer'd) Choak;
Ivie, that would Destroy the **Sacred Oak**:
(Sacred to *Jove*, the *Druids* made it so,
And We unto **A God**, more great below.
Here did the **Royal Forester** abide,
Whilst *Treason* sought in Vain, what *Heaven* did hide.)
Ivie, Which does with *feeble Fibres* Climb,
And with gay *Treacherous Arms* Embrace;
But would draw all the *Strength* from th' **Oak**, in time:
And when they've drawn the *Nation* into *Ill*,
They've Leaves, to Keep the *Issue* Running still.

VII.

'Twas *Thou*, that didst in the *First Council* Sit,
When this *Vast Ball* of *Earth* was made,
Thou didst prescribe the *Rule* and *Form* of it,

From *Thee* it both its Form and Beauty had.
The Naked thing was by thy Mirrour dreſt;
Thy *Wiſdom* in the *Workmani-ſhips* expreſt,
And 'Twas thy *Wardrope* her with Various Dreſſes clad.
'Tis *Thou* that Teacheſt Monarchs all their parts;
From *Thee* they Learn the Uſe of Armes and Arts:
The true *Minerva Thou*,
Deſcended from the Brain of *Jove*.
By *Thee* alone it is, they Know,
When they ſhould Rule by Fear and when by Love.
When they by peaceful Arts ſhould gain Renown,
When by the Sword they muſt aſſure their Place,
VVhich gains a Prince Subjection from his own,
And makes his Neighbours feat to loſe his Grace;
As 'twere the *Book* of *Fate*, they read his face:
For all do fear that Prince who dare Attempt,
VVhilſt want of Courage, brings Him in Contempt;
And gives a *Boldneſs* to each fawny *Frog*,
For to Inſult and leap upon their *King*,
Uſeing the *Royal-Power* like a *Log*,
Crying it down, 'till they've Ingroſt the thing,
And when his *Subjects* once become too bold,
Of the Advantage *Foreign-States* take hold,
And work their *Iron*, ere it waxes *Cold*.

VIII.

May none but such, of *Councils* Number boast,
VVhose Lives have long with many *Vertues* shin'd!
Rome still Respected the *Patricians* most,
Nobles are best for Use, if best enclin'd.
Yet so, as unto others seem not lost
Fair hopes to rise; for else, when hopes resign'd,
Industrious *Vertue* in her Course would tire,
If not expecting *Honour* for her Hire.
Such as have still been *Loyal* to the *Crown*,
And by supporting that, preserv'd their own.
VVise Men, that Know as well the honest lines,
VVhich should direct themselves in *Wisdoms* ways,
As they can smell *Phanatical Designs*,
And find out *Hypocrites*, even when they *Pray*:
Yet *Men*, that won'e be driven back by Awe,
But speak their *Minds* by *Reason* and by *Law*,
Using much *Courage*, *Falshood* to *Convince*,
Yet humbly yield to *Reason* and their *Prince*.
VVho the *Successors Right* will not Debate,
So as still to obstruct the way,

By

By this one *ſtumbling-block of State*,
Both to the *Nations Happineſs*,
To VVearied *Tangiers* and the *Oceans* Peace:
Such Men as Theſe now King and People want,
And only ſuch, may *Heaven* next time to *Ceſar* grant.

IX.

That *formal Don* that undertook to prove
The *Ignoramus Bill*, an *Act* of Love,
From his *Law-Logick* might have drawn
As well this weighty *Inference*,
The loſs of *Tangier* too, when gone,
Will be to th' *Merchants* of good *Conſequence*.
And ſince the *Duke* and that muſt *both* be *Loſt*,
Since *He* the *Jonas* is, that rais'd the *Storm*,
Fling Him o're-Board, that ſome Officious *Whale*,
May the kind *Office* once again perform,
And *Spew* Him out upon the *Affrick Coaſt*.
VVith *two* unhappy things we only part,
That to the *Sea*, this to the *Common-Weal*,
Thus ſpake the *Oracle* the *Plummis ſmil'd*:
As many as did think the Sentence mild:
Others, more Honeſt, did the Brow Contract,
And hop'd they mean not, as they Talk, to Act;

Crying

Crying it argu'd *Childish peevishness*,
Since both the pieces might not be their own,
To cast away the Good, they might possess,
And in the sullen Mode be pleas'd with none;
That it did seem, most insolently bold,
And like a Second *Giants-War* with Heaven;
On *God* and *Natures Law's* for to lay hold,
As if to *Check their own* our Power from them were given.
From those *Just Rights* which *God* and *Nature* give,
If once *Ty'd* up, there's none would wish to Live.

X.

Thrice *happy is* that **KING**, whom Heaven doth Grace
With **Parliaments** whereon He may relye,
Who *Honour* **Him**, and do respect his *Place*;
And like to *Aristides* can cast by,
All *Private Grudge*, and publick Cares Embrace,
Whom no *Ambition*, nor base Thoughts can tye,
And that they be not, to betray their *Seates*,
The *Partial Pentioners* of *Forraign States*.
Good *God-Fathers*, that when so e're they please,
Make Us *Beg Blessings* on our *Knees*;
And if but once, th' untoward *Child* Offends,

By them He's puniſh't ſtrait with *Goales* and *Reprimands*:
Ungracious Children, that pretend the way
Of *Duty*, *Piouſly* to *Diſobey*,
That **Forty-One** and **Forty-Eight**, reſent,
And yet are growing into th' ſame *Diſeaſe*,
Troubling with needleſs *Jealouſies* the *Peace*,
And unaware (**Full Cry**!) are running on the *Scent*,
Who *Arbitrary Power* do cry down,
Making the **Beſt** of **Princes** Cheap,
That they themſelves may into th' *Saddle* leap,
And have the Loud and Rude *Hoſannah*'s of the *Town*.
Who ſhould They once the *Reins* of **Power** Command,
And get (as **Heaven** forbid!) the *Whipping Hand*,
Would ſoon to *Ruin Ride*, the *Aſſes* of the *Land*.

FINIS.

An Advertiſement.

THere have been *Newly* Publiſhed by **James Vade**, at the *Cock* and *Sugar-Loaf*, near *St. Dunſtans Church* in *Fleet-Street*, ſeveral ſmall *Treatiſes*, Relating to the *Times*, that are generally pronounced worthy the *Peruſal* of all True *Engliſh-men*, Good *Proteſtants*, and Loyal *Subjects*; and bear the *Titles* following.

THe *Field of Blood*: Or, Rebellion Blazoned in all its Colours, in a Lively Repreſentation (grounded upon Fact) of *Inhability* in a *Prince*, Exorbitant *Ambition* in the *Nobility*, and Licentious *Inſolence* in the *Commons*.

The *Keepers* of the *Engliſh Liberties* drawn to the Life, in the Qualifications of Perſons by Them declar'd capable to Serve in *Parliament*.

An *Anſwer* to a *Popiſh Libel*, Entitled, *A Vindication of the Engliſh Catholick*, diſcovering the Chief *Falſities* and *Contradictions* in the *Narrative* of *Titus Oats*.

A *Paradox* againſt *Liberty*. An *Heroick Poem*. By the *Lords* in the *Tower*.

Sentiments: A Poem to the *Earl of Danby*.

The *Popes Third Breve*, threatning to Excommunicate the moſt Chriſtian King, together with the *French* Clergyes Reply upon the Subject of that *Breve*.

A *Seaſonable Memento* both to *King* and *People*, upon This Critical Juncture of Affairs.

The *Nations Intereſt*, with Relation to the Pretenſions of his *R. H. Duke of York*, Diſcuſs'd and Aſſerted.

The *Grand Inqueſt*: Or, A Full and Perfect *Anſwer* to ſeveral Reaſons, by which it is pretended His *Royal Highneſs the Duke of York* may be proved to be a *Roman Catholick*.

The *Myſtery* and *Method* of His *Majeſty's* Happy *Reſtauration*, laid Open to Publick View; by *John Price*, D. D.

A *Paradox* againſt *Life*. An *Heroick Poem*. By the *Lords* in the *Tower*.

The *Impoſtor Expos'd*, in a *Diſſection* of a Villanous Libel, entitled, *A Letter to a Perſon of Honour, concerning the* **Black Boy**.

A *Vote* for *Moderate Counſels*; as the Readieſt way to Heal our *Breaches*, and bring Happyneſs to *King* and *People*. By a *Barriſter* of *Grays-Inn*.